The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII—NO. 26. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1871. WHOLE NO. 182.

The Poet's Corner.

SEQUEL TO "BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular—settled up fair, and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked with me,
And 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only a word to say—
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day),
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind,
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer; you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him towards home;
I want to thank him for some things: 'twas kind of him to come;
He's showed the Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true,
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—How good the sun feels, and the grass and blowin' trees.
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze.
I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right *you* should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin', a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see when we came to division, there was things that wouldn't divide,
There was one twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go *I'll* go."

Then there was Grandsire's Bible, he died on our wedding day,
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her samplar on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still.
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;
Three dollars a week, 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a door-way from the kitchen to the shed,
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last—I felt a sinkin'—and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-three;
'Twas then you dropped in, parson; 'twasn't much that was said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was *all* on my side, that never was my way.
But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a laborin' with us: 'twas worse than wasted toil;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time, from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me, that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross.
And said hard things and hinted as if 'twas all *my* loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then them are p'ints of doctrine, and views of a future state,
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, dispatin' about when its due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptaral view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle, to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come *to* us in s rrow, and when we're on our knees,
So if Caleb won't argu on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees

One notion of Caleb's parson, seems rather misty and dim,
I wish if it comes convenient you'd change a word with him;
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel isn't clear,
That folks love better in Heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made, you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go,
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that onstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

HELEN BOSTWICK.

Our Special Contributors.

OVERLAND LETTERS.

THE PROSPECT IN IOWA AND NEBRASKA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, June 18th, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Since writing you from Des Moines, our routes have diverged, Miss Anthony filling a series of appointments in Iowa, while I hurried on to address the Constitutional Convention in Nebraska, now in session at Lincoln, the capital of the State. I arrived there at a very fortunate moment; an excursion party from Nebraska City came over to celebrate the opening of their new railroad. It was a grand sight to see that long train bearing two thousand people, with music, flags, and the bright costumes of fire companies and ladies, come dashing over those rolling prairies. From the upper windows of the Executive mansion, where I was most hospitably entertained, we could survey the country ten miles in all directions, and there we watched this beautiful pageant winding nearer and nearer, amid clumps of young timber and white cottages dotting the landscape here and there, while above the noise of the snorting engine, rumbling wheels, and eternal roaring of the prairie winds, rose the glad strains of the Star Spangled Banner. Governor Butler, a large, fine looking man, with crimson sash and military gloves, mounted on a spirited charger, hastened, with other distinguished officials, to welcome the multitude and escort them to a grove where a bountiful collation was spread, while Mrs. Butler, two other ladies—myself being behind time—took a short cut with her fine carriage and horses to the head of the procession, completing our toilet in the transition. It is strange that material things should be so perverse when one is in a hurry; but in such emergencies, breastpins invariably hide, cuff-pins roll under the bed, buttons fall off by their own weight, the fan is caught in the net, and the new kid glove splits down the back. At such times my faith is strong in the devil.

Old Elder Young, one of the first settlers, made a speech on the occasion, going over many of the incidents of his pioneer life, the trials and triumphs of Jacob Grant, and John *and their descendants*, but although more than half his audience were women, he made no mention of the wives and mothers of these remarkable gentlemen. Perhaps the children in Nebraska all spring fully armed and equipped for the battle of life from the brains of their fathers, but I did not stay long enough to settle this fact in natural history. Aside from this one criticism, the elder made a good speech. You must not imagine that the men of Nebraska are wholly unmindful of the women of the State, for at this very time it is

proposed that the word "male" shall not appear in their new Constitution. I spoke two hours that evening to a very large audience, and was presented to many of the distinguished members of the Convention, and most of those with whom I talked declared themselves in favor of the proposed amendment. Judge Lake,* of Omaha, Chairman of the Convention, a man of learning and influence, will vote in favor of the measure. Ex-Governor Butler is also one of our most ardent champions. Mrs. Butler, a woman of great beauty, refinement, and intelligence is the President of the State Woman's Suffrage Association, and all the leading women of Lincoln are members I found thirty REVOLUTIONS were taken there, and all speak of it in the highest terms. Mrs. Butler says no matter how tired she is she always sits up the night THE REVOLUTION comes to read its contents.

There are fifty-two members in the Convention, and I think it would be wise for you to send them each a copy of THE REVOLUTION during the sittings of the Convention. I left them a copy of my speech made before the New York Constitutional Convention; the reports of Butler, Loughbridge, and Bingham, and Victoria Woodhull's constitutional argument. I hope documents will be sent from Boston, Washington, and your office, to be scattered there, and if this amendment is submitted to the people, some of our ablest speakers should canvass the State.

We are now in the pleasant home of Amelia Bloomer, who is a good wife and housekeeper, although she makes speeches, edits papers, drives horses, and insists on being enfranchised. She started a temperance paper in Seneca Falls, N. Y., twenty years ago; headed the dress reform, and has been through all these years a brave and consistent champion of our cause. She ought to be the President of the State Association instead of Mr. O'Connor, who now occupies that post. Mr. Bloomer is Mayor of the city, a large, fine-looking man, and considered by his neighbors one of their most able and reliable citizens. I say this much of him because it is generally supposed that strong-minded women must have inferior husbands, when the facts, as far as I know, are just the other way. Mrs. Bloomer has given me several pleasant drives in her pony phæton through the valleys of the Bluffs, where the scenery is wild and beautiful. I have lectured twice here, once on "woman's suffrage" and once on "marriage and maternity," to women alone. Beside this, we have had a large reception in Mrs. Bloomer's parlors, where the woman question in all its bearings was thoroughly discussed. I should not be surprised if the women in Iowa and Nebraska voted for the next President. Most of the Western people favor our new position, that by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution we are citizens, and already have the right to vote.

In my travels I occasionally meet men who think that the chief glory of all women is to bear children. One of these conceited lords told me a few days since that his wife had fourteen children, and asked me if I did not think that was the highest right woman could desire. Looking at his little head, contracted chest, and crooked legs, I replied, "That turns somewhat on the character and capacity of the father. I must confess, sir, I never saw a dozen men worth repeating fourteen times." The poor man, reviewing his own defects, looked as if he thought his own wife might have blundered in not preferring enfranchisement to the multiplying of so many shadows of himself. "It is better," says John Stuart Mill, "to give the world one lion than twelve jackasses." To-morrow night I speak at Omaha, and on Tuesday we start for Cheyenne. Business in the West is languishing for the want of greenbacks. To my feminine perceptions, the financial policy we are pursuing is suicidal. Instead of shutting up money in the treasury in Wall Street, it should be circulating among the people; instead of paying off the national debt, we should decrease the taxes, and devolop the resources of the country. Thinking minds are losing all confidence in the government. Grant's admirers do not increase as we go westward. They talk here of Trumbull for the next President. As the women in some States may vote in 1872, we have some interest in the coming election.

*I find General Silas A. Strickland is Chairman of the Convention.

KEEPING THE WOLF AWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

May was shocked and distressed, and drying her wet eyes, rose, and approaching the counter, said to Miss Mary:

"I suppose it is useless to ask you to receive *my* work?"

"Yes; you heard all that passed, and you can see yourself that we are selling nothing, and we will not so long as the fairs are open, and for some time after they close."

And May turned away also, and with a heavy heart, slowly and sadly took her way home.

Her mother had not been well for some weeks past, and she dreaded to tell her of her failure to dispose of her wares. They were almost penniless; where to turn for aid she knew not. It had never occurred to either of them to apply to their relatives and friends for work or assistance. Mrs. Sidney, indeed, felt that such a humiliation would have been useless, even if she could have brought herself to it, for the persistent neglect with which she had been treated, by all her old friends, assured her but too plainly that they desired to forget her, and she was not inclined to force herself upon their recollection.

But May, now, for the first time, conceived the idea that her uncle James would assist them if applied to, and full of this new purpose, she hastened home.

Bursting into the room, she was shocked to see her mother lying prone upon the floor, and raising her, she found that she was insensible. Calling for assistance from the woman of the house, they carried her to the bed, and May begged the landlady to go for a physician, while she used means to recover her mother from the stupor in which she lay. But all in vain; and only after hours of effort by the physician who came, was she partially aroused, and then to a condition of delirium. He enjoined the utmost quiet and care, and having prescribed cooling applications to the head, left them, with a promise to call again in the evening.

May hung over the dear patient with dry and burning eyes, and in her young heart arose a feeling of bitterness that had hitherto been a stranger there. Had God indeed forgotten them, and would they be left to perish in a city full of wealth, and churches, and ministers; aye, a city that poured out its riches without stint, upon the indolent and improvident? But they were not yet prepared to beg, or even to receive gratuitous aid offered to them; they asked only for work at fair prices. And May looked around their small rooms, and took a hasty inventory of the furniture, as she determined to sell all they could spare rather than beg.

Asking their landlady to remain with her mother a few moments, she concealed a few books under her cloak, and went to the nearest book-stall where she sold them for money enough to buy bread, medicine and coal to meet their immediate wants.

The doctor called in the evening, and pronounced the disease a severe case of typhoid fever, and added that she would probably be ill for weeks, and would require very careful nursing.

Weeks had passed; the fever had subsided, leaving the patient weaker than a new-born babe, with scarcely breath left. May had borne up bravely, but looked almost as pale and ghastly as her mother. The rooms were almost empty; books, tables, chairs, carpets, even clothing, had gone to furnish medicines for the patient, and food for the nurse; and now, when the patient required wine, and beef-tea, and appetizing delicacies, there was nothing left to sell but the bed she lay upon, and their necessary clothing.

May had sent several messages to Mrs. Haughton, entreating the payment of her bill, the amount of which would have saved many of their sacrificed treasures, but she had always received evasive or insolent answers. Now that all was gone, and nothing more could be sold without depriving the invalid of absolute necessaries, she resolved to go herself and try the effect of her eloquence upon the hard woman of fashion.

As her face was new to the servant, and her dress and manners those of a lady, he did not hesitate to admit her to the reception-room, opening from the hall, and divided from the library by folding-doors, which stood slightly open.

Being a novice in his position, he did not request a card or ask her name, but meeting his mistress in the hall, informed her of the presence of a lady who desired to see her. Mrs. Haughton had never seen May, and was, therefore, not prepared with her usual array of excuses and subterfuges, and during her temporary silence, May had an opportunity of relating her troubles and perplexities, which she did briefly but firmly, ending with a request that Mrs. Haughton would not impose further suffering upon them by refusing to pay her bill.

Mrs. Haughton "was very sorry, indeed, and she would go up to her desk and see whether she had the amount." She had scarcely left the room, when the door leading into the library opened, and a gentleman, with a grave and care-worn, but agreeable face, stepped up to May, and politely requested to know how long she had waited for this bill.

"About three months, and I should not have troubled her so often for it if we had not been suffering," replied May.

"How much is it?" asked he.

"Fifteen dollars."

"And you have sold your furniture to defray the expenses of your mother's illness?"

"Yes, sir; our rooms are quite bare, for everything went for food and medicine."

"Shameful! Why did you not apply to me?"

"I did not know, sir, that you would help me, as I supposed you knew."

"Supposed I knew! I know a great many things, but I assure you I had no idea that Mrs. Haughton was so careless."

Mrs. Haughton at this moment returned, and started when she saw her husband in conversation with May; but quickly rallying, she turned to him and said:

"I thought you had gone out!"

"So I had, but came in again for some papers I left on the library table."

Then turning to May, she said: "I am *extremely* sorry, Miss Sidney, that I have not the amount just now, but I will send it to you in a few days."

"What amount, Julia?" said Mr. Haughton.

"Oh! a little bill I owe this young lady's mother for dress-making."

"How much is it?"

"What is the amount, Miss Sidney?" innocently asked Mrs. Haughton.

"Fifteen dollars."

Taking out a well-filled wallet, Mr. Haughton counted out the money, and politely bowed May to the door.

When it had closed upon her, he turned to his wife, and said sternly:

"What have you done with the hundred dollars I gave you yesterday?"

"I bought a new hat, and wish to get a new walking-dress with the remainder."

"A hat and a walking-dress! Are you destitute of those articles?"

"Oh, no; but my hat has been worn quite a mouth, and looks out of style, and I spoiled a good dress at the fair, and must have one to replace it."

"And this poor girl and her mother have been selling their furniture and clothing to supply food and medicine, while you have been wasting their money upon your extravagant follies."

"Who told you they had sold their things?"

"I was in the library when she told you, and heard all she said."

"I don't believe her story; they always have some pitiful tale to impose upon us."

"If all of their customers use them as you have done, I wonder they have anything left. But do you never be guilty of such cruelty again if you value my love and respect."

Well for him that he knew not of the bitter curses that followed both him and his wife, for poor Mrs. Sidney was not the only victim, and he was supposed to be equally guilty with the wife.

May carried home a lighter heart than she had borne for many days, and when she entered the dreary rooms, she was laden with delicate and stimulating food for the invalid. Mrs. Sidney slowly regained strength, and in a fortnight was able to sit up in an old easy-chair, loaned them by their kind landlady.

May had obtained copying, which she could do at home, and they continued to exist, though little more.

One day, when she went to return a roll of briefs to the lawyer who employed her, she found him engaged in earnest conversation with a gentleman, and quietly seated herself until he should be disengaged. His face was turned from her, and he had not seen her enter, but as he turned toward his desk and took up a pen, his eye fell upon her. He started, glanced at his companion, and again at her, and finally beckoned her to him.

"What did you say your name was, young lady?" he asked.

"May Sidney," she replied, wonderingly.

The other gentleman now looked at her earnestly, and the lawyer continued:

"Are your parents living?"

"My mother is living; my father is dead."

"Excuse me, Miss Sidney, for subjecting you to this cross-examination, but much depends upon it, and I may lose my copyist in consequence of it."

May began to tremble, fearing that some new trouble threatened, and the lawyer's next words did not tend to reassure her.

"You need not fear, if you will give truthful and exact answers to the questions I shall put to you. What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Mary Ellis."

"Where was she born?"

"In Boston."

"Has she relatives living?"

"She does not know; a brother who went to the West Indies many years ago has not been heard from since I was a little child; the others are all dead."

"What was the brother's name?"

"Emery Ellis."

"What was your father's name?"

"John Sidney."

"How long since your mother was married?"

"About twenty years."

"And the brother's name was Emery Sidney, eh?"

"Emery Ellis," corrected May.

"I beg pardon; and your mother's name was May Ellis?"

"*Mary* Ellis," again corrected May."

"I beg ten thousand pardons; I will not blunder again. And this John Ellis has not been heard from since you were a little child?"

"I know no John Ellis," said May, scarlet with indignation, at what she considered insolent badgering. She had not raised her eyes from the floor, else she might have seen a merry twinkle in the keen orbs of the lawyer, and another pair behind him, swimming in tears.

The lawyer turned to the owner of the tearful eyes, and said in a low voice:

"All right, I suppose?"

"All right, thank God, at last!" echoed the other, and stepping to May's side, he took her hand and said gently:

"Perhaps, if you do not know any John Ellis, you will not object to making the acquaintance of Emery Ellis; I am he, and have spent the last three months in searching the nooks and corners of this city for you and your mother."

May was too bewildered to take this all in at once, but she was made, at last, to understand that Uncle Emery was there, and asking to be led to her mother; and there, for the present, we will leave them.

He had been, as he said, searching the streets of the city for his sister and neice, and had advertised in the papers; but as May and her mother had no time or money to spend upon papers, they had never seen his advertisements. He also inquired of James Sidney, but obtained no information except that he "believed they were somewhere in town; where, he did not know, as Mrs. Sidney had chosen to hold aloof from her husband's family since his death, and they had lost all trace of her."

In this dilemma, Mr. Ellis had applied to the lawyer. The name seemed familiar to him, but where, or when he had heard it, he could not tell. When his glance rested upon May, it flashed upon him that Sidney was her name, and the cross-examination that had so vexed May, was he considered, a part of his professional duty, to prove that she and her mother were the persons sought.

It would scarcely edify our readers, or elevate poor human nature in their esteem, to tell them how quickly the old friends of the Sidneys discovered that they "still lived," after they moved into the handsome brownstone, bought and furnished by Uncle Emery; how delighted Mr. and Mrs. James Sidney were when they traced them at last to their hiding-place; and how the Pattersons grew green with vexation, and denied themselves, with Christian charity, all luxuries to send Mrs. Sidney, who was still very delicate, jellies and *blanc manges*, "aware how the appetite of invalids craves strange delicacies," or how May and her mother turned from them all with bitter contempt and disgust.

But it may please you, dear reader, to learn how they used the wealth at their command in relieving distress, not *only* of the mendicant, but of the struggling, toiling sons and daughters of men; how they loaned money to some to open shops, bought sewing-machines for others, paid for tuition in book-keeping, telegraphing, designing, etc., for another class of poor but willing workers, and *thus* did the noblest work reserved for wealth by *helping the poor to help themselves*.

A BEAUTIFUL SQUAW.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Jacksonville, Oregon, describes the scenery of the valley of the Willametta and of the mountain regions as surpassingly beautiful and picturesque. But he saw something more attractive. He says: "On our return, we found the ferry—a rope article in charge of an Indian. The second house beyond the river is the palace of Blow, a sub-chief. It is about eight by twelve, one story high, built of logs, and illuminated through one pane of glass. Blow is a fine-looking fellow, 45 years old, and the owner of the only beautiful Indian woman I have ever seen—not merely beautiful by contrast, but absolutely so. She was the daughter of a former head chief, who hanged himself not long ago *for love*—a proof that the red man is capable of civilization, and equal to its heaviest responsibilities. To this tender-hearted father Blow paid $700 for his daughter—$500 in cash, and $200 in horses at $20 a head. It was all he had, except a flint-lock shot-gun, a fishing rod and line, and three old beaver traps. He is delighted with his bargain, for in addition to his wife, he now has a six-months old baby, that he sets down in his inventory at $800.

Notes About Women.

—Miss Harriet W. Preston is busy at a new book.

—Signora Mary Brown, an Englishwoman, is the favorite burlesque actress in Rome.

—Two wood-scows on Lake Michigan are named Christine Nilsson.

—Mrs. Lander and Miss Lander, the sculptress, sister of Gen. Lander, will reside together in Washington hereafter.

—Young ladies sigh for black and white lace parasols, with carved, coral, or gold handles, costing only $300 apiece.

—The Siamese twins have a deaf and dumb daughter in the asylum in Raleigh, N. C. She is said to be one of the brightest children there.

—Two enterprising young ladies of Skowhegan have raised by subscription seventy-five dollars to be expended in setting out trees on the principal business streets.

—Miss Nilsson has been singing for the West Point cadets, in their barracks. The young fellows responded the best they knew how, with "Benny Havens, Oh!"

—Norah Perry describes the average anniversary attendance at Boston, as "given to lankiness, slinkiness, and an ironed-down-in-the-back expression."

—The ladies of the Sultan's household are reported to have read $3000 worth of novels last year, and among them several of Mrs. Southworth's.

—There are seven women property holders in Memphis who propose to vote at the next election. We trust Southern male chivalry will assist them to act on their determination.

—The Waterbury, Conn., Industrial School for teaching poor girls sewing and other useful things has been in operation seven years. There are eighty members and twelve teachers.

—New York pays "needle-women" ten cents for making "dusters." In Chicago, they are paid eight cents a pair for making pants, and nine cents a dozen for neck-ties. Which is ahead—New York or Chicago?

—An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on a wash-day without grumbling."

—Miss McKean, the lady Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, is young, pretty, and vivacious. She writes an interesting, gossippy letter, and is fast becoming one of the best of the lady correspondents.

—A lady spiritedly answers a satire on the fashion her sex have of carrying little Spitz pups with them as carriage companions: "They act a great deal less like puppies than the majority of the men I know."

—Clara Barton, who was prominent in her care for our sick and wounded during the rebellion, is now in charge of 305 women in Swiss hospitals, and is under the patronage of the Grand Duchess of Baden.

—A little Kansas girl who built a fire in her father's barn and found it getting beyond her control, hastened to hide what she had done by covering it with boards. The motive was pardonable, perhaps, but the result was not satisfactory.

—Vassar College lately received a visit from its first grandchild, the daughter of Mrs. Germ, formerly Clara Glover, of the class of '68. The class of '68 hearing of her arrival, paid the little one a visit, and presented it with a beautiful silver cup.

—The case of Mrs. Vallandigham must everywhere excite compassion. This unfortunate lady was so overwhelmed by the death of her husband that her life is despaired of, and physicians say even if by any chance she recovers, she will be hopelessly insane.

—A bride now-a-days starting on a wedding tour wears the oldest black silk dress she owns, and an old bonnet and shawl. The gray bonnet, dress, gloves, and veil was equivalent to having a placard round the neck announcing to all the world, "I am a bride."

—The ladies are contributing considerably to English war literature. "Our Adventures during the War of 1870–71," by two English ladies—Emma Pearson and Louisa McLoughlin—is just published, and another lady has written a journal of the siege of Strasbourg.

—Miss Jean Ingelow, the poet, gave a tea-party recently at her residence in London, to Miss Alcott, at which were present quite a number of American literary celebrities. Miss Ingelow's mother, who presided, is one of those gifted women whom it is a delight to honor.

—A writer to the Philadelphia *Press* suggests to the ladies of that city the propriety of having a statue of Martha Washington placed beside that of her husband on Chestnut street. The writer proposes that the amount, twenty thousand dollars, be raised by dollar subscriptions.

—A writer in one of our exchanges advocates a reform in lecturing. He thinks it would be better for the lecturers and the public were the rates of remuneration lowered. Twice as many engagements would be made at fifty dollars as are now made at one hundred.

—In the most approved style of modern art criticism, Mr. Hiram Powers has attacked Miss Ream's Lincoln statue, and it turns out that he has never laid eyes on it, or any other of Miss Ream's works, therefore two opinions cannot be entertained concerning the good taste and kindness of his condemnation.

—The following is from Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny":

"Whatever may be scoffingly said of the readiness of women to pull one another down, it is certain that the highest class of them have the feminine *esprit de corps* immensely strong. The humiliation of another woman seems to them their own humiliation; and man's lordly contempt for another woman seems like contempt for themselves."

—The story of Fred Grant's marriage to Beatrice Guelph is only a second edition of the romance of 1840, relating that a son of Martin Van Buren was to be the husband of the girlish Queen Victoria. The title of "Prince John" was then bestowed upon the youth, and it stood by him until he died, three years ago.

—Jean Ingelow has presented an elegant copy of her works, with an autograph inscription, to Captain J. G. Moses, of Portsmouth, N. H., in acknowledgment of the honor of naming his ship after her. Her American publishers, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have also given him a pennant bearing the coat-of-arms of the poetess.

—On an excursion train the other day, a vote of the *ladies* only was taken on the "Woman Suffrage" question, with a result of 54 in favor of, and 50 against. And yet some people will persist in saying that the women don't want to vote. Like other sensible people, the majority of them believe in equal human rights.

—Miss Amanda Sandford, M.D., is the first female graduate of the Medical Department of Michigan University, and was lately admitted to membership to the Cayuga County Medical Society. She has attended a full course of lectures at the Boston Female Medical College, and a course of hospital practice. Miss Sanford is now practicing her profession in Auburn, N. Y.

—Considerable opposition has been excited in Connecticut against making any radical change in the existing divorce laws of the State. Doctors, lawyers, and ministers, says a correspondent of the New Haven *Palladium*, are having a fine tussel over this knotty subject Mr. Hooker's idea is to delay the cases in court for a year, and provide for the punishment of false swearing.

—C. C. Bowen, the congressional bigamist, has been convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the payment of a fine. Mrs. Pettigru King Bowen, his latest wife, clings to him with manifestations of ardent affection, and begs to be sent to prison as the partner of his guilt. She evidently took him for better or worse, and the worse having come with a vengeance, accepts it as only a woman can.

—A Wyoming paper says that the natural instincts of womanhood are beginning to tell on Mormonism, as the young girls utterly refuse to marry the saints. They have witnessed the degradation of their mothers, and decline a similar experience. As a consequence, Gentile husbands are in active demand, and the supply is likely to be liberal, as some of the most productive mines in the West have been found in Utah.

—Jennie Collins commemorated the death of Charles Dickens at "Boffin's Bower," by appropriate memorial services. On the stage were two busts of the great author, surrounded by flowers, hanging baskets, etc. Jennie made the initiatory address, and was followed by Horace Seaver, Esq., who spoke in an elevated strain of holding in our memory the great benefactors of mankind. Jennie was so pleased with the delightful entertainment, that on the instant she suggested a "Dickens' Club," and measures were taken to act on the proposal.

—A book entitled the "Chicago Bar" pays the following high trrbute to Mrs. Myra Bradwell, editor of the Chicago *Legal News*:

"This lady is entitled to a place in this collection, in that she has studied law, and is at the head of the only legal journal of any value in the West. She was born in 1831, in Vermont. Early in life she removed to New York, and when thirteen years of age she came West, and has lived most of the time since in Chicago. She began the study of law fourteen years ago, and made application for admission to the bar in 1869. She was refused, and her case is now before the Supreme Court of the United States, having been taken there in regular process from one of the courts of this city. In October, 1868, she began the publication of the *Legal News*, and through its columns she has shown herself a thinker and a writer of a very high order, and has amply demonstrated that her demand for admission to the bar is based upon a thorough knowledge of the requirements and duties of the legal profession."

—Samuel Buck died at Conneaut, Ohio, last week, aged 84. Over sixty years ago he was jilted by the girl he loved, and retired to a house he built for himself and furnished in good style, where he dwelt alone until he died. Out doors he wore the garb of man, and permitted himself to be addressed as Mr. Buck. In the house he always wore his long hair parted in the middle, and put on female attire, and in this guise would only appear as Miss Buck. Many fine dresses he had worn were found in his hermit home after he died.

—A New-Jersey merchant lately sent a note to the President of the Woman's Rights Society, saying: "I need more men to assist on the repairs to my store. In this extremity, cannot you send me a brigade of women warriors of nerve, muscle, back-bone, of endurance, strong, powerful, adamantine, flinty, never-tiring? To such the usual wages will be paid. No talking allowed on the work, and women with encumbrances not taken Work from 7 A. M. to 12 M.; from 1 P. M. to 6 P. M.—ten hours per day. Cash every evening."

—We rejoice to see that the Pennsylvania State Medical Society has abrogated its absurd law prohibiting members from consulting with women physicians, or with male doctors who either teach or consult with them. The rule was a standing insult to the good sense and intelligence of the medical men belonging to the society, and although to many it had become practically a dead letter, it still died hard, the vote being fifty yeas, to forty nays. The battle was carried on with much spirit, and the women owe especial thanks to Drs. Joseph Parrish, of Media, Hiram Corson, of Montgomery County, Washington L. Atlee, of Philadelphia, Wilmer Worthington, of West Chester, and Traill Green, of Easton.

—A writer in one of our exchanges says: "When girls are taught at the mother's knee, at the home fireside, in school, and in society, that it is as disgraceful for them to be loafers as it is for their brothers, we shall have girls demanding and getting that thoroughness of mental and technical training which is needed in the successful pursuit of any employment, and not before. We shall have a standard, then, for scholarship, and women will look upon education as something better than mental ruffles and furbelows, or as a mere means of enabling them to support themselves in genteel independence until they can marry, and we shall hear no more of lack of employment for women."

—Socrates, Job, Milton, Byron, Shelley, and many other great men have been unhappy in their wives, or their wives have been unhappy in them, and it is pleasant to know that Hood's case was a bright exception. Mrs. Hood was a woman of cultivated mind, great moral worth, and literary sympathies. She was her husband's constant nurse through an illness that never left him; cheered him when dull, acted as amanuensis, and, during the last few years of his life, so devoted to him her whole time and thoughts, that latterly Hood became restless and unable to write unless she were near. Seldom have the words of the great novelist, who was almost a great poet, been more nobly realized than in the person of Mrs. Hood—

> "O woman!
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

—Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are receiving enthusiastic ovations at various points along the line of their travels. The readers of this week's REVOLUTION will, we doubt not, be much interested in the graphic letters which our champions have kindly forwarded us for publication. The next tidings will probably come from Salt Lake, where Brigham Young has consented to let them speak in the Tabernacle of the Saints, on week days. The handsome new hall of the Reform Party, called the "Reform Institute," will also be open to them. Daniel Grant acts as their agent at Salt Lake City.

—King Alcohol is holding high carnival in this city. Another woman has been rendered husbandless and childless through the effects of rum. The horror over the Putnam tragedy had scarcely faded from the public mind, when Dr. Connolly, a physician in Eleventh street, crazed by liquor, put a knife to the throats of his two little children, and then killed himself. Can nothing be done in view of such horrors but to sigh and say rum did it? It is the duty of women to arouse and grapple with this great and growing evil. Every woman should be a temperance advocate, if not on a platform, then by her own fireside; and there the fearful lessons of such cases as the Connolly tragedy and the Putnam murder can be indellibly fixed in the minds of young sons.

—Martha E. Travello, James Haines, and Samuel Willets, in attendance upon the Friends' yearly meeting, in this city, paid a series of visits to the prisons and charitable institutions in and about New York. They went to the Tombs, and had a memorable interview with Foster, the murderer of Mr. Putnam. The sympathy and admonitions of these good Friends moved the unfortunate man to tears. At Sing Sing, Martha Travello was not permitted to speak to the male prisoners, or even to sit on the chapel platform during a meeting held there by her companions, because she was a woman. She afterwards addressed the inmates of the women's prison, and it was ascertained from the warden that the reason of her being denied a hearing before the men was due to a decree of the inspector, peremptorally forbidding a woman from speaking to them. The inspectors, ever watchful of the morals of the prisoners, are probably afraid of the contaminating influences of female philanthropists.

—The *Evening Mail*, to prove that modern daughters of Eve are, at least, no more degenerate in the use of dead folks' hair, jute, blonde dyes, etc., than their remote progenitors of the good old times, quotes the following suggestive passage from Tertullian:

> "You affix I know not what enormities of subtle and textile perukes; now, after the manner of a helmet of undressed hide, as it were a sheath for the head and a covering for the crown; now, a mass drawn backward toward the neck. The wonder is that there is no open contending against the Lord's precepts! It has been pronounced that no one can add to his own stature. *You*, however, *do* add to your weight some kind of rolls, or shield-bosses, to be piled upon your necks! If you feel no shame at the enormity of the gear, I feel some at the pollution, for fear you are fitting on a holy and Christian head the slough of some one else's head, unclean perchance, guilty perchance, and destined to hell—nay, rather banish quite away from your "free" head this slavery of ornamentation."

If the hairdresser has not learned any new tricks in the last dozen centuries, we flatter ourselves that womankind have advanced in some more important particulars.

—The sympathy offered Mrs. Fair by some of the women of San Francisco, is certainly no more reprehensible than that tendered to Daniel MacFarland by his own sex. Lawyers, doctors, and ministers all strove to find excuses for his murderous deed, and yet they were not impeached as citizens, professional men, or preachers of the gospel. The women who have visited Mrs. Fair in prison, and attended her trial, did so simply as women, and not as advocates of woman's rights, and it is pure malignity to attempt to make a party responsible for their private acts. Woman suffrage is no more to be held to answer for the course they have chosen than the Republican party for the bigamous conduct of C. C. Bowen.

—Mr. Bergh's beneficent aid has been invoked against cruelty to children, and if he pursues the business, he will perhaps find that the little human sufferers are quite as numerous as those of the brute creation. Through his interference, a Mrs. Larkins, of West Twenty second street, has been found guilty of maltreating an adopted child. This pleasant being, to whom Dickens alone could do justice, has been in the habit of beating her little drudge an hour each morning. The neighbors testify that they have seen Mrs. Larkins lift the child by the hair of her head, and then kick her off the front steps. The little victim of these atrocities has been restored to her grandmother, and we hope the punishment reserved for Larkins will not be stinted.

—The free school of telegraphy for women, at Cooper Institute, is doing a good work. Thirteen pupils are expecting to graduate during the present term, and no new ones will be received until fall, when arrangements will be made to receive forty. Applicants are required to be at least seventeen, and not over twenty-four years of age. Some pupils graduate in three months, and good operators receive thirty dollars a month; first-class operators seventy. The rigid rule in regard to age seems to us unnecessary, as a woman's efficiency and, for aught we know, her power of learning is as good at thirty-five as twenty-five. This restriction shuts out a large class of needy women who would be glad of the facilities which the school affords, and we wish it could be abolished.

—A lady, writing of street-car riding to a Boston contemporary, thus explains why women ought not to stand in the cars: "It was the beautiful custom of the fathers of this generation to see no woman standing if they could give her a seat. Why? Because, without thinking anything more about it, their very manliness pleaded to them for her that she was the 'weaker,' and therefore less able to stand than they. But the theory of their self-indulgent and irreverent sons is that 'women can stand as well as men,' and therefore they allow her to do so. Is this true? Many a woman is as tall as her husband, but compare his broad and long foot in its thick boot with her little one in a delicate shoe, arched and slender, and about two-thirds of the size of his Compare the body that she has to support on that foot—its small bones, soft muscles, swelling and heavy contours—with the large bones, firm muscles, small hips, and spare limbs of his strong frame; reflect, moreover, upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn—and then insist, if you can, that women can stand as well as men. It is not true; they cannot."

Our Mail Bag.

LET US "CARRY THE WAR INTO AFRICA."

DES MOINES, Iowa, June 11th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Mrs. Stanton and I were in Chicago the evening the Illinois State and Cook County Woman Suffrage Associations held their opening reception at their new Central Bureau, 145 Madison St., a suite of fine rooms handsomely carpeted by two of the first merchants of the city—wish I could remember their names—where, with music, flowers, conversation, speeches, cake, strawberries and ice cream, the time passed pleasantly, but was far too short for us, as we were compelled to take the ten o'clock train for this place.

The women of Iowa are looking forward with hope to the action of the coming Legislature, and confidently believe they will submit to the people—the men—a proposition to take the word "male" out of their State Constitution. I am afraid they are trusting too securely, and am urging them to assert their possession of the right already, and persistently ply all their missionary efforts upon the members of the Boards of Registry and Judges of Election to educate them to accept the names and votes of the women of the State at the autumn elections.

Suppose the men of Iowa should vote "male" out of her Constitution; it is only *one* State, and the same work is to be done over in the other *thirty-five* States. Slow, tedious, humiliating process; and while I would not have the women fail to work out the problem in whatever way the politicians shall present it, I would, nevertheless, have all women use their influence to get Congress by one stroke of the pen to declare the women of all the States or Territories possessed of the right to vote under the guarantees of the Federal Constitution as it is.

Nebraska is now holding a Constitutional Convention, and we are to have a hearing there.

Mrs. Stanton has spoken twice here in the Court House to fine audiences. Friday evening on suffrage, pressing woman's right to vote under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and on Saturday afternoon to an audience of women alone on marriage and maternity. From three to six the women discussed those grave social problems with an earnestness and interest that proves the time has come for one and all to say, "Let there be light at our hearthstones."

The women here have a wide awake society. Mrs. Maria Gray Pittman, one of Governor Slade's school teachers, President, and Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Coggshall are Secretaries. Mrs. James Calanan and Mrs. James Lanary put their elegant carriages at our service. Mrs. Lizzie Boynton Herbert invites us to her beautiful cottage home to partake of her strong-minded tea. Mrs. Kissel, the wife of the State Superintendent of Public Schools, asks sundry questions in our meetings. Mrs. Pittman gives an evening reception, and her parlors are thronged with editors, ministers, and lawyers, with teachers and cultivated mothers and maidens, and no caviller can ever again say the friends of our cause in Des Moines are not of the superior orders of intelligence and thought.

I must not forget that we had present Attorney General O'Connor, President of the Iowa State Woman Suffrage Society, and a candidate for the office of Governor of the State.

The fact is, here in Iowa, woman's suffrage stock is, to say the least, at par among the politicians, and if the women act wisely, no man will be their next Governor except he shall openly, earnestly advocate our claim in the coming canvass of the State.

Indeed, if the women will but arouse to the fact that *they have the right to vote for the next Governor*, they can have it pretty much their own way. But to do this they must not rest on their oars during the summer, but make a thorough canvass of the State with lectures, tracts, and THE REVOLUTION, enrolling the names of all the women who will register and vote at the October election.

The time for a "wide awake" woman's suffrage campaign has come. Possession is nine-tenths of the law in politics as everywhere else. *We have the right to vote; let us take it.*

Yours truly, S. B. ANTHONY.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, May, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It may be interesting to the readers of THE REVOLUTION to receive some account of the movement in favor of women's questions in Great Britain this month, and I will, therefore, write a short description of what I have myself witnessed in London.

First of all, let me mention the Women's Suffrage Conference, held at the Langham Hotel, in Regent Street. The success of this meeting was marked. Mr. Walter Morrisson, member for Plymouth, took the Chair, and upon the platform were Lord Houghton, Lady Anna Gore Laugton, Mrs. McLaren, of Edinburgh, Miss Anna Isabella Robertson, of Dublin, Mrs. Jacob Bright, Miss Lilias Ashworth, and several other ladies and gentlemen of distinction. There were many members of Parliament present. Altogether, it was a very aristocratic gathering. Several ladies made speeches, all excellent and to the point; but the best were made by Mrs. McLaren and Miss Robertson. Forcible allusion was made by Miss Robertson to the iniquitous and unfair state of the British law, which decrees that a widow has no right to determine the religion of her children, even though her dead husband may have left no wishes upon the subject. Whether he were a Protestant or Roman Catholic, and his wife of a different religion from himself, she must still bring up her children in their deceased father's faith, although utterly disbelieving it herself. Miss Robertson touched the hearts of many present when she pointed out that "even in her so-called sacred sphere of wife and mother, a woman, by the English law, has no rights." The Conference was remarkable in this respect, that many of the ladies who spoke were strikingly elegant, pretty, and youthful, fashionably dressed, and evidently of good social position. They were all heartily cheered by the audience. A fortnight after the Conference an interesting meeting in favor of women's higher education took place at St. James' Hall, London. The room was well filled. The Honorable Mr. Temple, step-son of the late Lord Palmerston, was in the chair, and there were present Lord Lyttelton, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, Mrs. Garret Anderson, M. D., Mrs. Jacob Bright, Miss Davis, Miss Robertson, etc. etc. This meeting had peculiar reference to the Hitchin College, founded for women above the age of eighteen. Mrs. Garret Anderson spoke for a long time in a very gentle, lady-like manner, and was greatly complimented by the Bishop of Peterborough, who spoke warmly in support of giving women every facility for improving their mental faculties. He ridiculed, in happy terms, the men who talk of "women's sphere," and who say "women should stay at home and mind the babies," declaring that it was generally rotund gentlemen past middle age, with red faces, who discussed the question in this way over wine and walnuts after dinner! Great laughter was caused by this part of the Bishop's speech, and the applause was immense. Lord Lyttelton addressed the meeting also in support of a well-endowed college for women. I must not omit to say that at the Women's Suffrage Conference which I have mentioned, there were assembled ladies from Scotland and Ireland as well as England. Mrs. McLaren, wife of the M. P. for Edinburgh, represented the women of Scotland. Miss Anna J. Robertson, authoress of "Society in a Garrison Town," etc., represented Irish women, while Mr. Fawcett spoke on behalf of the London Women's Suffrage Committee. Evidently the lady speakers upon this occasion were carefully selected, both for their eloquence and good looks. There is no doubt that it is a great advantage for women's rights women to be handsome and well dressed.

Yours truly, A. W.

THE BALLOT AND THE ALPHABET.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The Hartford *Courant* has made a discovery, viz., the "illiteracy of women."

The writer says it is not the ballot that women need, but the alphabet.

An assertion so arrogant and ridiculous is, perhaps, hardly worth the time and trouble of answering, and were it not that it is placing the ballot for woman on an entirely different basis from that of man, it might pass without a second thought.

The argument has been in relation to the negroes, that the more ignorant, weak, and degraded the man is, the more he needs the ballot to protect, educate, and ennoble him. It seems to me that what is "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander;" but this writer thinks women should all be literary in order to be fit to exercise the franchise.

To our way of thinking, the literary woman has much less need of the ballot than the char-woman, the seamstress, the factory-girl, the book-keeper, or the schoolmistress who is toiling at half-wages educating boys for future rulers of the country. These legislators have about as much comprehension of the wants of one-half the people for whom they are legislating as the idiots with whom we have the honor of being classified would have.

It is an admitted postulate that the rich man is not fitted to make laws for the poor man, nor the poor man for the rich, nor the black man for the white, nor the white for the black man, hence black and white, rich and

poor, meet to make laws; but women, forsooth, are too ignorant; their great want is the alphabet, and now how are they to obtain the exact amount of literary knowledge and acumen, is the question.

If women are as ignorant as this sprig of manhood assumes, how dare man entrust the education of the Southern voters to them? There are ten women to one man doing that most necessary missionary work; and about the same proportion are training the boys of the North. If my memory serves me rightly, one woman fitted over two thousand boys for the naval school during the first years of the war, and we all know that such a teacher would require at least a moderate knowledge of the alphabet.

If women are so ignorant that they do not know what they want when they demand the ballot, pray whose fault is it? For whom are Yale, Harvard, and Amherst, etc., endowed?

How many are the sewing-circles where large sums are raised to educate *poor, pious young men?*

How many women keeping boarding-houses are hoarding their earnings, straining every nerve to educate their sons?

How many sisters, stitching with weary fingers and aching eyes, to help a brother through; then when worn out with toil, are told or made to feel that they are a mortification to them because they are so illiterate?

Was ever arrogance, tyranny, and meanness more manifest than in the constant slurs of men or boys toward their mothers? A word of advice; boys, you must not presume too much on mother love, human nature is pretty strong and may assert itself, and if you do not check up, it may turn the tables, giving the superior instruction and advantages to girls.

It has been the custom to will one-half or two-thirds the property to the boys after educating them as highly as possible; it is time now that this be changed and justice done the other side of the house.

Women are ignorant enough, God knows, but they have one kind of knowledge which man can never have in equal measure (until he learns humility, to say the least), and that is the spiritual intuitions, which are higher than reason, clearer than philosophy, and stand instead of science until that becomes exact and true by having the union of minds to make it so.

Yours truly, PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

THE WORKING WOMAN'S HOME.

BROOKLYN, L. I., June 23, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Having been invited by friends of the Working Woman's Home, on Elizabeth street, New York city, to talk and read to its inmates, I visited the home for that purpose a few evenings since, and was very pleasantly impressed indeed by what I saw and heard. The superintendent, Mr. Fields, his kind, intelligent wife, and talented daughter, who assist him in the supervision—the latter keeping the books of the institution—were very courteous in their treatment of the stranger, answering very many questions willingly and frankly. I judge the affairs of the Home are in a prosperous condition, and well cared for by those in authority.

The design is to furnish a respectable and comfortable home for laboring women, seamstresses, teachers, engravers, clerks, etc., at a very low rate. Lodging is provided at $1.25 per week. In this the board is not included, but, the house being kept on the European plan, the dishes are selected according to individual preferance from a bill of fare, upon which the price of each dish is named.

The house is kept with apparent neatness; the sleeping-rooms large; each furnished with five beds, and occupied by as many persons. Curtains are arranged to drop around each bed, that privacy may be secured to the occupant, when desired.

The dining-room is large and cheerful, the tables small, that little groups of those who especially enjoy each other's society may gather around them. This arrangement, by the way, is a decided promoter of sociality, and so of pleasure. Judging from the quality of the fare of which I partook, upon occasion of breakfasting at the Home, and which, I was informed by one of the boarders, was not at all "extra" or unusual, there can be but little cause of complaint upon that score. A strong cup of good black tea, nice, clean, white sugar, and good milk, fresh white bread, sweet butter, boiled eggs and fried potatoes—then, fragrant strawberries. Who but the veriest epicure could want a nicer breakfast?

I was told that the boarders are at present about three hundred in number, and they present a very prepossessing appearance indeed, being generally intelligent in face, well-bred in manner, and well dressed.

They seem to be frequently provided with evening entertainments of a literary nature, chiefly through the thoughtfulness and efforts of one of the boarders, a young girl, by name Edith Palmer, who is a student of the art of engraving. These are enjoyed by the members of this large family without charge. Miss Palmer obtains them by frequently soliciting lecturers and readers for some entertainment for the laboring sisterhood of the Home, and rarely has she asked in vain. In this, this young girl is actuated by the true spirit of the reformer—an unselfish desire for the good of others. Her reward is sure!

May these neat, cheap, respectable and attractive places for laboring women increase in number!

LOUISA HOLDEN.

THE WEIGHT OF A TRUE LIFE.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Nothing so tends to injure any cause as the mistakes and misdeeds of its advocates. This is especially the case with the "woman question," whose opponents are always on the alert, watching for every word or deed which may be construed against us. True, the real merits of any cause rest on high and firm principles, yet the masses are prone to overlook this, and judge only by the persons who advocate it.

When our opponents point to the *very few* of our number, whose lives are no honor to any cause, and exclaim with triumph, "We told you so; see what kind of people this woman movement has for its supporters," it would be in vain for us to affirm that no cause has ever been so disgraced by its professed followers as that of the Christian religion; yet who, for this reason, would pronounce it unworthy of our adherence? Knowing the feebleness of their so-called arguments, the opposition rely mainly on ridicule and slander. Finding that their assaults on such noble women as Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Livermore finally rebound against themselves, they indeed "roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues," all facts concerning those whose lives must be condemned.

This being the case, how important that all who have the welfare of our sex at heart, especially those who by pen or voice take a public stand in its favor, should live noble and true lives.

How important that they be active and earnest in promoting all that tends to bless mankind; that they be faithful at home and discreet abroad; that they be kind, obliging, and forbearing, striving to help the needy, comfort the despairing, and rescue the vicious; that they forget not the "cup of cold water," and, above all, that they seek the guidance of the Great Divinity, whose watchful care makes the right to triumph at last.

There are a few in our ranks who sneer at holy things, even the teachings and commands of the All-Father. Let them remember that in so doing they but strike at the very life of our most sacred cause. Thank Heaven that such is not the case with the majority of our leaders; if it were, we might well despair of success.

Oh, that each and all of us may lay aside all our personal differences, and labor with a single eye for woman's speedy enfranchisement.

There is much to be done; the harvest truly is white; but the earnest, courageous laborers are few.

Some say that many long years will elapse before we see the fruition of our hopes.

Sisters! we have *waited* long enough, let us at once move in solid columns upon the enemy's works. We want no more "Peninsular Campaigns," rather let us surround the enemy and "fight it out on that line." May a few more Grants be raised up for our cause, and may the rank and file, to which most of us belong, never fail to throw the weight of irreproachable lives against the stronghold of the opposition. May our souls be inspired by an earnest and fearless enthusiasm, as we consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of woman and humanity.

JANE O. DEFOREST.

STOCKING MENDING.—We were amused the other day by a lady friend's account of the manner in which her servant mended her stockings. When a hole appeared in the toe, Bridget tied a string around the stocking below the aperture and cut off the projecting portion. This operation was repeated as often as necessary, each time pulling the stocking down a little, until at last it was nearly all cut away, when Bridget sewed on new legs, and thus kept her stockings always in repair!—*Portland Transcript.*

THIS is the method of genius, to ripen fruit for the crowd by those rays of whose heat they complain.—*Margaret Fuller.*

LEARNING hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.
Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.
Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.
Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.
Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and		$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
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10	"	"	$20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	"	"	$20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	"	"	$18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
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" 6	"	"	$12, silver plated Cake Basket.
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3	"	"	$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	"	$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
"	"	"	$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	"	$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

VILLA TROLLOPE.

LONDON, June 2nd, 1871.

On one of the many hills that surround the city of Florence stands Villa Trollope, a genuine English home in a foreign land. From its windows one sees the most beautiful landscape, and from its terrace a still more extensive and varied panorama of hill and dale, and town and river, charms the eye.

This lovely spot is the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Adolphus Trollope, English authors, as well known and as universally popular in America as in Great Britain.

The villa within is as attractive as the landscape without, for it has been one of the amusements and relaxations of Mr. Trollope's busy life to remodel the interior of the ancient dwelling, and to fill its rooms and passages with all sorts of ancient and curious articles of furniture, bronzes, porcelain, and in short, every imaginable variety of *bric-a-brac* dear to the heart of the antiquarian collector.

The spacious and vaulted library, whose walls are lined with the fine historical literature which Mr. Trollope has gathered together during the years which he has devoted to the study for, and the writing of, those able works of his, "The History of the Commonwealth of Florence," "The Life of Filippo Strozzi," "The Girlhood of Catherine de Medicis," "The Lives of Famous Italian Women," etc., is one of the most charming rooms it has ever been our good fortune to see. It is lighted from the ceiling, and its walls are hung with silken damask, which once adorned the bedchamber of Pope Clement VII. The furniture of ancient and richly carved wood is upholstered with a leather covering, which was a part of the decorations of the Strozzi palace, and which Titian used as one of the accessories of a picture which he painted in this same famous palace.

The present possessor of this magnificent structure, the home of the Strozzi, with no respect for the beauty and antiquity of this marvelous leather work, tore it off the palace walls to replace it by some modern French abomination of paper, and Mr. Trollope rescued it from the clutches of a dealer in second-hand articles, and used it to adorn the furniture of his tasteful library.

Ancient marble columns sold in the same irreverant fashion by the priests, on the reparation of one of the churches of Florence, Mr. Trollope bought and arranged in a most artistic and exquisite manner, as a part of one of the long corridors of his villa. These are only a few of the characteristic adornments of this lovely and unique residence, which is a veritable museum, and nothing can be more pleasant if one has a taste for the antique, than a morning spent in looking over the art treasures it contains, and listening to Mr. Trollope's history of the where and the how of his becoming the possessor of each separate article.

Mr. Trollope is best known in America for his novels of Italian life, "Beata," "Gemma," etc. But, though these are charming works, and we are glad to see that Messrs. Lippincott & Co., are republishing the entire series of Mr. Trollope's novels, yet really, the historical works of the same author are his best ones, and those on which his fame will most securely rest. It is surprising to us that some enterprising publisher does not reprint them in America, for they are at once most instructive and interesting, and are written, too, in such a style as to make them most popular. Our people are fond of historical reading, when the historian is a narrator like Froude and Motley, and Mr. Trollope is of the same order of writers, clear and picturesque in statement, faithful and painstaking in his researches, and accurate in the facts which he has collated.

It has been a much mooted question whether genius, or even talent, were hereditary; essays and books have been written on the subject, some taking one side and some the other; but whatever the general law may be, that there are particular families where this is the case, such instances as the Adamses, the Beechers, and the Trollopes, not to name many more, are positive proof.

Madame Trollope, though unpopular in America from her work on the Americans, written at a time when we were far more open to criticism than now, and far less willing to bear it, was a writer of no small repute, and no little excellence.

Her sons, Anthony and Adolphus, have each won a high place for themselves in the literature of our century, and the Trollope family has also gained an additional fame from the writings of women who have married into it.

Theodosia, the first wife of T. Adolphus Trollope, wrote some most able and interesting works, and the present Mrs. Trollope—who, by the way, though an English woman, was born in Philadelphia—is well known in America for her clever novels, "Veronica," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc., which were published anonymously, and were at first attributed to Dickens' daughter, are very popular among the readers of light literature. "Anne Furness," a serial now in course of publication in Harper's *Monthly*, is from the same industrious and facile pen.

The workshop of Mr. Trollope is not in the elegant library which we have described, but is a smaller room, where books and papers in an admired disorder, which is only apparent, not real, lie at hand for reference. It is a sunny, cheerful spot, which fits the liberal thought and philosophic mind of its presiding spirit. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trollope are most exact and methodical in their methods of work and of study. In many respects they preserve their English habits of life; they are indefatigable in exercise in the open air, and give a degree of thought and care to all matters concerning physical health, which it would be well if we Americans would imitate in our English cousins.

Their generous hospitality, their cordial and genial manners, make them exceedingly popular in Florence, not only with the Italians, but with all the foreigners who visit that charming city.

It is rumored that this beautiful home is to be abandoned by its inmates, who contemplate a return to their own English land. Should this rumor prove true it would be a great loss to Florence, for of none of her own sons or daughters, long as is the roll of honor of which she can boast, has she greater reason to be proud than of her adopted children, the Brownings and the Trollopes.

THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

The story of the new reign of terror that has poured a lava torrent of blood and fire through the streets of Paris is almost too appalling to be believed. With averted eyes and a sick sense of horror, we listen to the ghastly details of a butchery unequalled in modern times, and the mind refuses to frame an image of what has actually taken place in the French capital within the past few weeks.

The first revolution was a record of bloody details; the guillotine was clogged with gore, and hundreds of executions form distinct and separate pictures of horror; but what the guillotine then did slowly, in weeks and months—if newspaper estimates are to be trusted—the army of the republic has done in days. We hear of twenty thousand executions, and allowing for all probable exaggeration, it is evident that while the Commune, by its frenzy, had alienated the sympathy of the world, the Versailles government has done no less by its cold-blooded and senseless butchery of men, women and children.

The women of Paris have played a fearful part in the late conflict, and their behavior appears to have been marked by sheer desperation. A woman of this class is thus described:

"She was straight, tall, splendidly set, with vigor in her face and beauty in every limb—she could not have been more than 25, and she was a woman perfectly made. I saw her suffer a frightful fate. Captured, I know not how, she had killed, with her revolver, before her hand could be stayed, a Versaillist officer and three of his men. She "looked out and out" a fury; her handsome face was black with powder, her lips especially made livid by hasty biting of cartridges; her hair hung in disheveled tangles about her handsome but ferocious face, and her eyes gleaming with an over-strained courage that amounted even to madness, blazed defiance on the red-breeched crowd who had her at their mercy. I will not linger on the scene. Her hands were tied, and with her back against a wall, she died—pierced through and through with shots from the rifles of M. Thiers' troops."

However great the horror excited, no one can wonder at such a woman's fate, but indignation is too deep for words, when we read of unarmed men and women, taken out by fifties and hundreds, made to kneel, pressed closely together in a public square, and then fired upon by a squadron of musketry, until the last quivering gasp of life has died out of the huddled mass of human bodies.

We hear of twenty-five hundred women convicted of setting fire, or attempting to set fire, to the public buildings of Paris, and sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia. They, it would seem, have had some form of trial, but many others, if we may believe newspaper correspondents, when discovered with kerosene in their possession, or accused by their panic-stricken neighbors of attempts at poisoning, in fact, on the slightest suspicion bred by fear, which, doubtless, in many cases confounded the innocent with the guilty, have been dragged out of their dwellings and brutally murdered.

Among the female victims were women of all ages, from fifteen to sixty. Some of them were ferocious viragos, who poured blazing petroleum upon the heads of troops as they advanced into the city; some were the merest children; some were in rags with disheveled hair; some were brazen and immodest streetwalkers; others were mild, frightened looking creatures, who, it is said, had stood by their husbands or brothers on the barricades, trying to support them with their love. No right mind can contemplate the indiscriminate slaughter of these classes without feeling that the Versailles government has written its condemnation in blood. Perfidious as it was for the people of the Paris faubourgs to take advantage of France, prostrate under Prussian bayonets, incompetent and reckless as they have shown themselves, their movement originated in the brains of down-trodden masses, who, smitten with the idea of liberty, but without competent leaders or an effective organization, struggled for the right of self-government. In so much as the mad attempt of these men and women of Paris who have so fearfully paid the forfeit of their crimes, aimed at freedom for themselves, education for their children, better homes for the masses, the death of superstition and the diffusion of intelligence, history will vindicate them in the face even of acts of vandalism committed in the last hour of the Commune's life.

M. Thiers cannot kill these principles, nor crush them to death by the butchery of women and children, and the weight of misery he has fastened upon France will hang like a mill-stone around the neck of his government.

ANTI-SLAVERY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Experience certainly ought to teach something, and it is instructive to see the veterans who have bourne the brunt of one reform war now charging the advocacy of moral and social irregularities on the adherents of woman suffrage. Is it so easy to forget that the *Tribune* cannot recall the time when abolitionists were counted heretics, atheists, infidels, free lovers, schismatics of the worst kind; when every ism of doubtful tendency was supposed to stick like a bur to the skirts of the anti-slavery party? It is passing strange that a journal with such a history can pick up the stones once flung against itself, and fling them back at the heads of women. No one ought to be so chary about spreading slanders as he who has been the victim of slander; no one ought so readily to recognize a lie as he who has been unmercifully lied about. There is then more than ordinary provocation for the bitterness felt by women towards the *Tribune*, that palladium of the enslaved black, when it allows base calumnies against our cause like carrion birds to roost under its wing. No other journal could have sent the barbed arrow so far, or made the wounds of pure, just women, rankle so deeply. We have mourned more, perhaps, because the wrongs it endured in the stormiest period of its existence have not taught it charity and tolerance towards us, than for any actual harm it could do to the cause.

Anti-slavery and woman's rights have traveled by much the same boat. It is not necessary to have lived very long to remember the day when the name abolitionist was a synonym for everything vile and lax in morals among Southern fire-eaters and Northern copperheads. For an old abolitionist to call a woman suffragist by any bad name is very similar to the pot when it addresses the kettle as black. Nothing that our reform is now charged with but what was formerly made into an epithet for the advocates of emancipation, and those who bear about them the scars of those old struggles ought, at least, to be chary of giving currency to slander, of harboring evil imputations, of distorting or misrepresenting facts relative to the workers in some new or quite different field of reform.

Anything that has a right to call itself woman suffrage is not chargeable with social corruptions. It advocates alone those things which are pure and of good report, and a journal like the *Tribune* owes it to itself to sometimes present its readers with a candid, fair statement of the whole subject.

FEMALE EMIGRANTS.

Miss Lizzie O'Brien, of Brooklyn, has published a letter calling attention to the danger which awaits the Irish female emigrant when she sets foot in New York. Her plan appears to be that of establishing a species of home or refuge where these women can at once resort for temporary shelter and protection from the harpies of both sexes who swarm through our streets, with their nets spread, ready to catch the feet of the unwary.

Miss O'Brien's plan is so truly beneficent, it must meet with the approval of all who give it their attention, and we sincerely hope the Celtic members of our city government will open their plethoric, private purses to provide for the needs of their country-women.

Miss O'Brien cites instances, within her knowledge, of female emigrants decoyed into a house of ill-repute, and it is palpable enough to the mind of any thinking person that grave dangers lie about the path of the young Irish girl on her first entrance into the new world. She probably has never had any experience of a large city—coming, as she is apt to, from some cabin or small farm-house, and without the safeguards of education and knowledge of the world, her first out-look from Castle Garden and the Battery certainly cannot be very cheerful. There ought to be some sort of society to give these women who are coming to make a home with us and render valuable assistance, a hand of welcome, when, after the misery of a voyage in the steerage, they land home-sick and desolate on our shores. A word of counsel, an expression of human interest may be all that is needed to brace a character against temptation, and lead to a life of honest industry. There are so many thousand pitfalls in our city—so many places where the steps of the stranger take hold on death—we cannot be thankful enough for any fold that opens its gate to any class of helpless and unprotected people liable to run into danger. We therefore give Miss O'Brien God speed in her good work.

—The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of this city, in a recent address on the fall of Paris, distinguished himself by attempting to fasten the stigma of cruelty and blood-thirstiness on womanhood. He says:

"We are told that women would refine politics and assuage war. Look at France! Who instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day? A woman—Catharine de Medicis. Who influenced Louis XIV. to revoke the edict of Nantes, and to dragonnade the Huguenots? A woman—Madame de Maintenon. And some of the worst acts of cruelty in Paris to-day are perpetrated by women. Think what women a political ferment would bring to the surface in New York; think what women would have votes to sell, and places to buy, and at what price, at Washington."

Let the reverend doctor undertake to enumerate the monsters of wickedness among women that history records, and he will probably find they can be counted on the fingers of one hand, but when he begins on the Neros and Caligulas of his own sex, he must provide himself with a blank ledger. The frenzied, grief-stricken, maddened women of Paris were perhaps one to a hundred of men in the same condition. Exceptions only prove the rule, and it will be up-hill business for Dr. Thompson to make the world believe that woman is not by nature far more merciful than her brother man. "Howard Glyndon," of the *Evening Mail*, has answered Dr. Thompson with her pen, dipped in honest, womanly indignation. She shows conclusively that if the women of New York ought to be deprived of the ballot because Catharine de Medicis, in the Sixteenth century, ordered the Bartholomew massacre, then the men of New York should be debarred from the same privilege because, in the first century of our era, the men of Judea crucified Jesus Christ.

—Miss Francis Willard, president of the female college in Evanston, Ill., thinks the true idea of a woman's education will include croquet and calculus, tatting and Telemachus, Homer, and home.

TRIBUNE MUSH.

The *Tribune* frequently exhausts itself, giving unsolicited advice to all sorts of people. Just now it has learned the fact that women going about on business errands to shops and offices are sometimes insulted, and takes occasion to give the insulted class a piece of its mind, which seems vastly like adding injury to insult.

The inference from the rather vague article referred to, is that if women suffer from this species of insult, it is pretty much their own fault. They have no business to go where insults are to be met. The same line of consolation might appropriately be advanced to a person afflicted with hydrophobia, for sometimes mad dogs do pass the other kind, and sometimes lewd men bear the character of respectable citizens.

The necessitous women are unquestionably to blame, and the *Tribune* tells us that twenty years ago it informed them how they could "live secluded and secure, chaste and modest, and still meet their difficulties in a common-sense way without rhodomontade of sentiment."

It is so cool and pleasant to be told all this with such a gracious and patronizing air, while the *Tribune* throws its great mantle of charity over the vilest, most despicable of all miscreants, whether found in an editor's chair or at a counting-house desk, the man who unprovokedly insults a woman. The *Tribune* had the opportunity, with facts at hand, to help create a public sentiment that should hurl such reprobates outside the pale of decent society, but instead, nearly a column is wasted in telling women they had "better not throw away their modesty and gentleness to get bread." No; it is far better to starve decently by the *Tribune's* recipe, which says that "women may practice hand crafts (kind not specified), may design, nurse the sick, engage in the higher kinds of domestic service, and above all, in horticulture in all its branches. There there is no danger of insult or outrage."

Of course it is the inexcusable perversity of the female mind which debars women from all rushing to the culture of cranberry bogs and strawberry patches; but we are not perfectly certain if they did, entire immunity from insult would follow as a consequence, for in country places there are male rapscallions and vagabonds, and women, as a rule, are more afraid of them than of the prowlers who haunt the populous wilds of the city. What a blessing it would be if the editor of the *Tribune* could hit upon something really practicable to save the modesty and gentleness of the impecunious young women of New York, such for instance as harpooning whales or trapping bears in Alaska!

We do not say that a good-looking, neatly-dressed young woman who deports herself properly may not go about in business places soliciting advertisements, or offering books or manuscripts for sale without receiving insults which make every drop of blood in her veins tingle with indignation; but we do also know that this same young woman is liable first or last to be wantonly insulted, and it is by good luck that she escapes if she escapes at all. A woman of this sort, spurred by necessity, with self-possession and determination, can practically take care of herself. She faces a prospect of the bitterest humiliation any woman can be subjected to at the very outset. She knows there is not a particle of redress for the inuendoes, sneers, and flings to which she is exposed, even if she be not met by infamous proposals. Women who assert their right to enter untried fields of honest labor, in whatever direction, must nerve themselves to endure this species of martyrdom. It is the same ordeal which the first women students of medicine were subjected to by base churls; but it is an ordeal from which the women of the new era will not shrink, although the *Tribune* may flagellate them on one side while the world is performing the same gentle operation on the other.

We reverence good men who would protect womanhood in any guise, as their own pure wives and daughters; but there are many venal, cankered, well-dressed debauchees ready to offer insults to innocent young girls of twelve or fourteen, when a safe opportunity presents itself. We have heard appalling instances of mere children who hawk about small wares and fruit in down town offices, being outraged by the so-called gentlemen they accost. We know, personally, of an educated young woman of good family who inserted an advertisement in a daily paper for the position of governess, and was answered by a man who stated that he had no children, but would pay a good salary to an attractive young woman. On inquiry, she discovered that ladies advertising for similar positions were always liable to receive communications of the same sort. We could adduce other facts still more glaring, of the unprovoked insults which are constantly heaped on the heads of women, forced to earn their own support.

There are men all deference and obsequiousness to the idle girl who has nothing to do but dress and flirt; but under changed circumstances let that same girl enter their office on a business errand, she would meet with something liable to send her out with a flushed face and a tumult of rage in her breast.

The *Tribune* cites the case of Elizabeth Fry, who passed, alone and undefended, through the dens of Newgate. Elizabeth Fry was a mature woman, a philanthropist by profession, and not a woman striving to earn a living. Herein lies all the difference. Working women are not yet respected. They are under ban; and base men believe the majority of them would sooner accept the vilest proposals than confine themselves to a laborious life.

A woman, of whatever age, has a perfect right to enter any place of business open to the public, on a purely business errand. She must, of course, guard against all coquettries of manner, however innocent, and a style of dress that can possibly excite suspicion. She must acquire business habits, and learn to be concise and clear in all her statements. If there is an experience of exasperation and humiliation in store for her even then, she need not falter—only nerve herself the more bravely to meet her peculiar trials, for in a few years so many women will have entered business life, the reprobates who masquerade as decent citizens will be known, and though the *Tribune* may reserve its lash for the backs of working women, these men will find the world a much warmer and much less comfortable place to live in than formerly, unless they learn to curb their brute instincts.

THE "NEW DEPARTURE" AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The tragic death of Clement L. Vallandigham has shocked his countrymen of all political creeds. It is gratifying to be able to record in connection with the best step of Mr. Vallandigham's career, under the name of the "New Departure," his open and unequivocal adherance to woman suffrage.

The Democratic leaders, who met recently in this city, determined to adopt the platform drafted by Mr. Vallandigham, the third resolve of which reads as follows:

"Third—That thus burying out of sight all that is of the dead past, namely, the right of secession, slavery, inequality before the law, and political inequality; and further, now that reconstruction is complete, and representation within the Union restored to all the States, waiving all questions as to the means by which it was accomplished, we demand that the vital and long-established rule of strict construction, as proclaimed by the Democratic fathers, accepted by the statesmen of all parties previous to the war, and embodied in the tenth amendment to the Constitution, be vigorously applied to the Constitution as it is, including the three recent amendments above referred to, and insist that these amendments shall not be held to have in any respect altered or modified the original theory and character of the Federal Government, as designed and taught by the founders, and repeatedly, in early times, in later times, and at all times, affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, but only to have enlarged the powers delegated to it, and to that extent, and no more, to have abridged the reserved rights of the States, and that as thus construed according to these ancient and well-established rules, the Democratic party pledges itself to the full, faithful, and absolute execution and enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons under it, without distinction of race, color, or condition."

A writer in the *Present Age*, of Chicago, states that in this resolution, as originally drafted by Mr. Vallandigham, after the word *color*, and immediately preceding the words *or condition* occurred the word *sex*, thus committing Mr. Vallandigham, and had the resolution been adopted, the entire Democratic party to an admission that existing amendments secure to the women of the nation equal rights with all other classes of citizens.

It is also stated that Mr. Vallandigham, and three others of the committee, all personally known to the writer, contended for an entire half-day to have the word sex retained, but were finally overpowered and it was stricken out.

This being true, and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the statement, it exhibits Mr. Vallandigham to us in the aspect of a far-sighted political leader, with ability to discern the immense advantage which will accrue to either one of the existing political parties that first cordially offers suffrage to our sex, and ought to ensure the man who has taken the last, solemn departure, accidentally by his own hand, the grateful remembrances of his country-women.

THE OLD STORY.

The Hester Vaughan case has been recently repeated in this city under circumstances even more painful than those attending the Philadelphia tragedy. Lizzie Carroll, a young and beautiful girl, we are told, was recently convicted of murdering her twin-babies, and while the seducer of this friendless woman goes at large, she is brought, weak and fainting from long illness, into court, guarded by two officers of the law. The New York *Standard*, in commenting on this phase of our

civilization, wonders how long it will be before the expounders of justice will see the necessity of having platoons of soldiers, thoroughly drilled and organized, to attend to the guarding of such women.

If our city has such a superfluity of care to bestow upon its criminals, we would suggest that a little of it be spent in catching and punishing the scoundrel who has cheated, betrayed, and abandoned Lizzie Carroll.

The *Standard* in its comments says: "God knows why such things are permitted! Perhaps society needs just such terrible examples to arouse it to its duty toward humanity. Women have been held responsible for the sins of their betrayers long enough, and it is plain to be seen from the signs of the times that there will be no social peace, to say nothing of apparent social decency, until men come in for their own rightful share of public odium and legal penalty."

It is not half so much Lizzie Carroll, who has murdered her babes, if she be guilty, as public sentiment that has made a sanctuary for the man, and given the woman over to devouring wolves—this relentless decree is the real assassin of the innocents. No woman, such as this Lizzie Carroll is described, could slay her little new-born babes—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh—until frenzied by the thought that she was an utter outcast with every door of mercy shut and bolted before her face.

The act measures her despair, and looking down into the black abyss of such a wounded creature's experience, unlighted by a ray of pity, human or divine, a woman with one spark of compassion in her soul should consecrate all—heart, brain, time, and strength—to the work of equalizing the punishments of social sins, meting to the man the same measure that has been meted to the woman. God knows how bitter it is. The scourge, red from the wounds of such victims as Hester Vaughan and Lizzie Carroll, is yet to reach their destroyers, and the impassioned words, thoughts, and deeds of women stung to the quick by a sense of the wrongs of their sex—consumed by a deathless compassion—can alone bring the base seducer to the felon's dock, and make a shelter for their sisters whom the lightning has scathed.

Miscellany.

WORK AND WAGES FOR WOMEN.

BY E. ANNIE KINGSBURY.

There is much in the article entitled "Radical Error," in the New York *Independent* of June 1st, that, in my view, savors of ignorance and narrowness; but I will refer only to one point. The writer says: "All those complications which for years have baffled alike the political economist and the practical philanthropist, disappear before the talismanic formula—equal wages for equal work. Nobody is disturbed by any question as to what constitutes equality of work, or whether quality or equality be the more important. Nobody troubles himself or herself by any irrelevant conjecture about demand and supply. All is as plain as the sun in the sky. Give to woman the ballot, and no longer shall grammar-school masters have thirteen hundred dollars a year, while the grammar-school mistress has five hundred dollars; but the lion and the lamb shall have the self-same salary. Give to woman the ballot—(I have never heard this said, but, of course, it naturally follows, and is certainly meant,)—give to woman the ballot, and no longer shall Bridget receive her three dollars a week while Patrick has two dollars a day; but Bridget and Patrick alike shall be paid their fifty dollars a month. How the ballot is to accomplish this we are not yet informed. No one has definitely mapped out this Promised Land, but we are fervidly assured it is there, albeit, just beyond our secular vision."

Now, if the writer does not perceive the relation between cause and effect in this case, it is a pity she does not avail herself of the perception of others before attempting to enlighten people upon the subject. It is conceded that the ballot endows man with dignity. The moment he is free to vote he becomes of consequence in the eyes of others, and, therefore, in his own eyes. Take away the ballot from all men having blue eyes and light hair, for instance, and how much of strength or self-respect, or ability to battle with the world for bread would they possess? Those more highly favored, the black-eyed—the enfranchised ones—would despise, overreach, and keep them from an equal chance in every relation in life. When mechanics of different kinds strike for more wages, that movement is respected. The press sustains it; politicians do not dare to do otherwise than countenance it, because the votes of these mechanics are wanted by both parties. Let women in book-binderies, whip factories, or other shops where they labor, strike for higher wages, and who cares for it? The politician knows they are worth nothing to him. There is no use in spending time and thought to help them, for they could not vote his ticket if he should. They must take care of themselves. Give to women the ballot, and they will constitute themselves members of a school committee, and say to Mary, "If you will teach that school as well as John did last winter you shall have the same price for so doing." They will then say to Susan, "We have now so much influence we believe we can get that office or clerkship for you for the same salary that Henry received." Men will then have a greater respect for women, pay more attention to their demand for equal wages, because they will want their votes at the next election.

Give to women the ballot, and it "is certainly meant" that Bridget and Patrick shall alike be paid fifty dollars a month. She has a right to it, because while Patrick's labor requires more muscular strength, Bridget's calls for more skill and judgment, and it is quite as important for the comfort and prosperity of the household. We all know that skilled labor commands a higher price among men; why not then among men and women? But how is this increase in the wages of Bridget to be met? What about the "demand and supply?" Girls should be taught to grow up with the intention of pursuing a business by which they can earn money as men do. That they should not learn this business in a superficial manner, using it as a kind of a bridge by which to arrive at the *coming man*, but thoroughly, with the determination to continue it through life, husband or no husband, and they will do this when legal disabilities are removed and they have fair play. There are many women now in the country who are physicians, merchants, and in other kinds of business, who are earning from five to twenty dollars daily. These can well afford to pay a faithful, economical, skillful woman, fifty dollars a month. If under present unfavorable circumstances woman can succeed in securing a lucrative position in life, she will do far more in this direction when she has the power the ballot confers. Then, with an earnest life-work before her, her energy and business talents no longer expended upon making pretty things to wear, and eclipsing her neighbors in fashionable parties, she will unfold as a daughter, wife, mother, friend, citizen, to a degree yet unwitnessed in this or any age.

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH—A SCENE ON THE FALL RIVER BOAT.

"Fisk's is the Fall River line, is it not?"

"Yes. And the way he tries to beat everybody else, and make his the only line to Boston is astonishing. Why, I'll tell you something about Fisk. One day, just as we were starting for New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a stateroom, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed loud, but mighty neat and rich, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace, a dress with a lot of scallops and trimmings around it, and about the most bewildering foot I ever saw on a human. She was pretty sassy, and called me old father at supper, and carried on in a way that soon showed what she was, though she deceived me at first with her baby face and girlish manners.

She was standing on deck about seven o'clock, having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking humor, and becoming quiet for a few minutes, while she looked far out at sea, she turned round to the captain, and putting up her little white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up at him, and says she, very solemnly, 'Did you ever want to die, captain?' 'Well, no,' said he, 'I don't think I ever did.' 'And if you did,' said she, 'what would you do?'

"'Well in that case,' said the captain, loosing her hands and turning away, 'I think, as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the sound and drown myself.'

"The words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing leaped overboard. She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who saw it. She had taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair, which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her childish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was plaguing me half an hour before. In another moment she was swept rapidly astern and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats, but we never found her. It is strange how the women, who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitied and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish baby's heart while she was laughing the loudest. She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses, written in a little cramped hand on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way and were headed:

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

I can no longer endure this polluting,
This festering breath;
Gladly I fly to the refuge that's left me,
Merciful death.
Not sadly, tearfully,
But gladly, cheerfully,
Go to my death.

Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial
There unto me.
Father, I thank thee! a blessing is always held
Over the sea.
Aye, in its wildest foam,
Aye, in its thickest gloom,
Blessed is the sea.

Welcome, O sea with thy breakings and dashings
That never shall cease.
Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters
O! hide me in peace.
Say to the weary face,
Come to thy resting place,
Slumber in peace.

—*The Capital.*

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

Let every earnest woman who reads this Prospectus subscribe for this paper.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
Clubs of Ten or more copies	1 75
Single Numbers	5 cts.

Remittances should be made in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When these cannot be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter, which gives entire protection against losses by mail. All postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so. Postage, twenty cents a year, payable quarterly in advance, at the subscriber's postoffice. Postage on New York City and Canada subscriptions must be paid in advance, at the office of The Revolution.

OFFICE:

Brooklyn, No. 11 Fulton Street, near Fulton Ferry. All Letters should be addressed to

THE REVOLUTION ASSOCIATION,

BOX 3093, NEW YORK CITY.

—The *Public School Journal*, of this city, refers to two young lady teachers who within a month have died of consumption, in the primary department of Grammar School No. 20. The Teachers' Assurance Society reports that eleven or twelve have died since January 1st, of the same disease. Over-work and under-pay sealed their doom. How long can the richest city of the freest country on the globe afford to carry on this species of woman slaughter? While a multitude of leeches are sucking the municipal blood, a laborious under teacher in one of our schools must work for one quarter the pay a man would get in the same position, or starve; and even then she lives in continual fear of being sacrificed for some political favorite. This great wrong cries to be righted.

—We never pass the superb building of the Young Men's Christian Association, in this city, without wishing that a similar institution could be erected for the instruction and amusement of the masses of working girls who throng our streets. We hear much of the temptations to which clerks coming from the country are liable. Similar, and even more deadly lures lie in wait for working women, and while thousands of dollars are spent yearly here in New York to furnish reading-rooms, libraries, and gymnasiums for young men, little or nothing is done to save those who stand in far greater danger from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Cannot some measure be set on foot to furnish intellectual food and innocent recreation to our working girls?

—General Strickland, President of the Nebraska Constitutional Convention, to whom Mrs. Stanton refers in her letter of this issue, has introduced a resolution in favor of extending the right of suffrage to all citizens of the age of twenty-one, irrespective of sex. The resolution was, next day, reported favorably by the suffrage Committee, and stands a good chance of being embodied in the fundamental law of Nebraska. Hurrah for Nebraska!

—An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practicable, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics. Just try us and see how it wold be.

Special Notices.

A BOLD HAND AT THE HELM, OR HELMBOLD.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press quite recently, stating that Helmbold, the celebrated New York Druggist, pays the *Tribune* of that city over $10,000 per year for advertising. Helmbold's business must be immense to enable him to pay such a sum of money to one paper out of some fifteen or sixteen hundred in which he advertises. By his judicious, but at the same time extensive advertising, Helmbold has made his "Buchu" and other proprietary compounds standard remedies in almost every household in the land; while the medical faculty, whose approbation is never gained for a nostrum, not only recommend Helmbold's preparations, but quite generally use them in their private practice. If some thousands of business men who have been content to plod along in the old fogy footsteps of their ancestors, who looked upon newspaper advertising as money thrown away, had but possessed Helmbold's sagacity and courage, they might, perhaps, figure quite as largely in the Income-Tax returns.—*New York Times.*

ALL THE SEASONS IN A DAY.—In this rainable climate we sometimes have a touch of all the seasons within twenty-four hours. Result—an all but universal prevalence of coughs, colds, influenza, catarrh, hoarseness, asthma, and bronchial irritation. Of what measureless value, then, is a remedy like Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, which quickly and certainly subdues all these ailments, and prevents the fatal ulterior consequences which might otherwise ensue. Sold by druggists everywhere. Prices 50 cents and $1. Get the large size and have it in the house.

DURING THE PROCESS OF TEETHING EVERY mother should give her child MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, cures wind colic, and sure to regulate the bowels. Gives rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify.

A COOL, REFRESHING HAIR DRESSING, KEEPing the head and hair healthy. Chevalier's Life for the Hair bears the highest recommendation from physicians and chemists for restoring gray hair, stops its falling, strengthens and increases its growth; has no superior. Sold everywhere.

EVERY LADY HER OWN GLOVE CLEANER.

Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent. Address

MRS. SOUTH,
Care of the "Chicago Magazine of Fashion."
Chicago, Ill.

THE TERRIFIC DUEL BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND France is over, but thousands of battles between Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters and dyspepsia and liver complaint are now going on in every State of the Union. The issue of such contests is *never for one moment in doubt.* The conflict may last longer in some cases than in others, but the Leading Vegetable Tonic and Alterative of the nineteenth century invariably triumphs.

BRADBURY PIANO.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON OUTSIDE PAGE.

PHONOGRAPHY.

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408 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn.

J. A. JACKSON,

136 ATLANTIC ST., BROOKLYN,

[South Side.]

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GLASS, and

EARTHENWARE,

Has a beautiful and desirable stock to select from for family use. Call and examine.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—An exhaustive argument in favor of the emancipation of woman from the bondage of unjust marriage legislation. By C. L. James, of Louisiana, Mo. For sale by the author at 25c.

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CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.
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FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
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PURIFY THE BLOOD AND BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION
by using
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE JUICE PILLS
AND
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRA SARSAPARILLA.

This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA AND HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT GRAPE JUICE PILLS ARE THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE.

One bottle of Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists, and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon diet drink, a delightful and healthful beverage.

The Grape Juice Pill is composed of fluid extract Catawba grape juice and FLUID EXTRACT RHUBARB. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c.

Helmbold's Grape Juice Pill is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation,

SAFE FOR AND TAKEN BY CHILDREN;
NO NAUSEA, NO GRIPING PAINS,
BUT MILD, PLEASANT AND SAFE IN OPERATION.

Two bottles of the Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla and one bottle of the Grape Juice Pills are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness and irregularities, and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor and new life.

THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing.

All of H. T. HELMBOLD'S Preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits.

To dispel any impression or prejudice that might exist in the minds of many against my preparations from the publicity given through advertising, and that I am and have been a druggist for a period of twenty years, and more conclusively to prove this, see letter:

[From the largest manufacturing Chemists in the world.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1864.

I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold. He occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown streets, Philadelphia.

Prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Crystal Palace Pharmacy, 594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
HAS GAINED A WORLD-WIDE FAME.

☞ Sold by Druggists generally.

(*From the Rural New Yorker.*)

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—This valuable article is increasing in popularity as its merits become more widely known. The Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* says: "The celebrity of Merchant's Gargling Oil, and its efficacy in all cases where an external application would seem to be required, are now unquestioned. It has proved itself, by the sure test of experience, to be emphatically "good for man and beast," and is the best liniment in the world for which it is advertised. Thousands of testimonials, dating from 1833, have been received by the manufacturers, testifying to the almost marvelous cures wrought by it. Our Western readers know its merits too well to render anything from us necessary. Mr. John Hodge, Secretary of the Manufacturing Co., Lockport, N. Y., stands high in the esteem of the community where he resides, and has also won the confidence of our merchants and dealers by the fairness and liberality of his dealings."

MERCHANT'S
Gargling Oil
IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	*Rheumatism,*
Chilblains,	*Hemorrhoids or Piles,*
Sprains and Bruises,	*Sore Nipples,*
Chapped Hands,	*Caked Breasts,*
Flesh Wounds,	*Fistula, Mange,*
Frost Bites,	*Spavins, Sweeney,*
External Poisons,	*Scratches, or Grease,*
Sand Cracks,	*Stringhalt, Windgalls,*
Galls of all kinds,	*Foundered Feet,*
Wirtant, Ringbone,	*Cracked Heels,*
Poll Evil,	*Foot Rot in Sheep,*
Bites of Animals & Insects,	*Roup in Poultry,*
Toothache, &c., &c.,	*Lame Back, &c., &c.*

Large Size, $1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

The Gargling Oil has been in use as a Liniment for thirty-eight years. All we ask is a *fair trial*, but be sure and follow directions.

Ask your nearest druggist or dealer in patent medicines, for one of *our* Almanacs and Vade-Mecums, and read what the *people* say about the Oil.

The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the *United States and other Countries.*

Our *testimonials* date from 1833 to the present, and are *unsolicited.* Use the *Gargling Oil*, and tell your neighbors what good it has done.

We deal fair and liberal with all, and defy contradiction. *Write for an Almanac or Cook Book.*

Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

—BY—

MERCHANT'S
Gargling Oil Company,
JOHN HODGE, Sec'y

From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

GARGLING OIL.—Merchant's Gargling Oil has become a family necessity, and few people attempt to get on without a supply of the article on hand. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries. The sale of the medicine has rapidly increased under the judicious and vigorous management of its able and accomplished Secretary of the Company, John Hodge, Esq.

From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL has become one of the most popular Liniments for human flesh that is now prepared, while for horses and cattle it has no equal in the world. We are assured by those who have used it for the piles—one of whom is a distinguished physician—that among all the various pile remedies none afforded such speedy relief as the Gargling Oil.

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FOR EVERYBODY.

A Useful, Easy and Lucrative Employment for All, Old and Young, Male and Female.

THIS employment will not interfere with your other business, let that be what it may. No capital is required to engage in this business. It requires no traveling or peddling, but gives the comforts of a home, with a chance to make from $50 to $300 per month. This is no receipt of any kind, or agency, but is something *entirely new*, and is highly recommended to *all persons* who desire a *permanent, money-making* and genteel employment. No person will ever regret sending for this information, let their business be what it may. *We guarantee satisfaction in every case.* The information we offer, when once in the possession of a person, will be a source of constant income, and will be invaluable during life, without extra expense. To any person who, after sending for the information, shall feel dissatisfied, or that we have misrepresented, we will send Two DOLLARS for their trouble. There is positively *no humbug or deception* in these statements. We would not make false statements to the public; there is nothing gained in the end by deceit. During our connection with this business, we are not aware of a single case in which any one has found reason to accuse us of any other course of conduct than the one we have invariably pursued—that of fair, upright and honorable dealing. We will, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR by mail, send, by return mail, full instructions in regard to the business. *All money forwarded by mail is carefully sealed letters at our risk.* Address,

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BABY CARRIAGES,

In the greatest variety of style and finish, and at any desired price, can be obtained at 508 Broadway, N. Y.

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have on exhibition at their warerooms more than 50 different kinds and qualities, varying in price from $35 to $100 each; all of their own manufacture, which they offer at lowest possible prices at retail. This is the Bazar of New York for

CHILDREN'S FINE CARRIAGES,

and every mother should see to it that her little ones are provided with a *nice turn-out* at these low prices, and that it is used on every one of these beautiful spring days. Remember the place,

508 BROADWAY,
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HART BROTHERS,
247 FULTON STREET,
KEEP ALWAYS
The largest stock of
FINE WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND
SILVERWARE
to be found in the City, at
VERY LOW PRICES.
HART BROTHERS,
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$1.000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DE BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has cured cases of over twenty years' standing.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.00.

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DE BING'S VIA FUGA is the pure juices of Barks, Herbs, Roots, and Berries, for

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Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Billiary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price $1.00. LABORATORY—142 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md.
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TO LET AT REASONABLE RATES—First class office furnished in elegant style, a fewdoors from Fulton Ferry. Apply at THE REVOLUTION office, No. 11 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

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Sarsaparilla



Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula,** and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions,** and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

W. & H. MUMFORD,

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PAPER HANGINGS,

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New Building, 390 & 392 Fulton St.,

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We are now opening our Spring Stock of

LACE, NOTTINGHAM and SWISS CURTAINS,

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FURNITURE COVERINGS,

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PLAIN WHITE and BORDERED WINDOW SHADES.

With Spring Rollers.

New designs in LAMBREQUINS, TRIMMINGS,

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Our large stock of PAPER HANGINGS,

Combine all the new styles at the lowest cash prices

LACE CURTAINS cleaned by our NEW and IMPROVED process. NO ACIDS USED.

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Ladies',

Misses' and Childrens'

GYPSIES, ROUND, RUSTIC and SHADE HATS a Speciality. STRAW HATS made to match suits in any shape desired. FINE FEATHERS, FRENCH FLOWERS, RIBBONS, GROSS GRAIN SILKS and VELVETS ON BIAS, &c., &c.

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Apply to J. MORRIS,

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IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain-corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Is perfectly safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Gives rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Gives rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Sold by all Druggists.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A Review of the Injustice of our Existing Marriage Legislation, by C. L. JAMES.

For sale by the Author, Louisiana, Mo. d8

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VIEWS,

ALBUMS,

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E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, New York,

Invite the attention of the trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of *their own publication, manufacture and importation.*

Also,

PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and *GRAPHOSCOPES.*

NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.

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All kinds of first-class Account Books, Paper and Stationery for business, professional and private use, at moderate prices. Job Printing, Engraving, Lithographic Work, and Book Binding of every style.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, PARENTS, AND EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

It will contain each week the proceedings of the Board of Education, and also of the Local Boards; the "Roll of Merit" comprising the names of the boys and girls in the Public Schools of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, who stand at the head of their respective classes; articles from the pens of the leading educators and school officials; all the personal news and items of interest connected with our Public Schools, and a careful selection of all information pertaining to Public Education.

No Teacher or Scholar should fail to read the "Public School Journal."

Subscription, $2.50 per year; Single copies 5 cents. Published by STOUT & COUGHLIN,

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NEW INVENTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH—Without plates or clasps—can be inserted without extracting any decayed teeth or stumps, by which means will preserve your natural expression which is generally disfigured after your teeth or stumps are extracted; the roots made inoffensive, and warranted never to ache. The most painful decayed teeth and stumps restored by filling and building up with oroplastic to original shape and color without pain. My motto is preservation, and not extraction. All operations warranted. Thousands of testimonials can be seen at the inventors, DR. S. B. SIGESMOND, Surgeon-Dentist to the Woman's Hospital, No. 63 EAST NINTH STREET, near Broadway, late of Union Square. o20

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Has been reduced from $2.50 to $1.00, and is now *One of the cheapest in the world.* The illustrations *alone* are perhaps worth more than the cost, and the beautiful *Steel Engraving* of Evangeline, postage etc., being sent, is *given.* Size of paper on which the steel engraving is printed is 2 feet by 19 inches. The Magazine contains *Stories, Pictures, Puzzles, Music, A Lady's Department,* with illustrations of ladies' patterns; a *Youth's Department,* &c., &c.

I hereby specially offer the Magazine for *one year;* also this splendid *Steel Engraving,* for the regular subscription price, $1.00, and 8 cts. for postage and packing of engraving on roller. Sample copy 10 cts. Address the Publisher, C. L. Van Allen, 171 Broadway, New York.

THE MIRROR,

(*Y Drych,*)

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

The Recognized National Organ of the Welsh People of the United States.

Published by J. MATHER JONES,

UTICA, N. Y.

The Mirror, now in its 21st year, has a large and growing circulation in the States of Maine, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas and California—its circulation extending, more or less, into every State in the Union. As an advertising medium through which to communicate with the thousands who speak and read the Welsh language, it is more valuable than any other paper in the United States.

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THEO. W. BALEY & SONS,

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Three blocks from City Hall, BROOKLYN.

Dealers in all kinds of

CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATS, RUGS, &c., &c.

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